

Daily Kentuckian

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... This paper has enlisted with the government in the cause of America for the period of the war ...

OUR SERVICE FLAG



The Hun casualties growing out of Hindenburg's attempt to drive in Paris April 1st are now estimated at 300,000.

Gov. Stanley has signed the bill appropriating \$25,000 to establish a home for idiots. We want to enroll the man who thinks Germany will win.

So far as we have seen the Bardonia Standard is the only paper in Kentucky to publish a complete list of its local soldiers, white and colored with the military assignment and address of each. There are 230 of them.

There is a brutal work to be done. "He who lives by the sword, must die by the sword." Germany selected the instrument and placed it in our hands. Our duty is to wield it well. There are no niceties to the situation. To shilly-shally or temporize is to betray the trust.—Felix Shay.

A nation which declares war and goes on discussing whether it ought to have declared war or not is impotent, paralyzed, imbecile, and earns the contempt of mankind and the certainty of humiliating defeat and subjugation to foreign control.—Elihu Root.

The Massachusetts Commissioner of Education wonders when, if ever, there will be an end of appeals to the public school for work and money in behalf of this or that good cause. The names nearly a hundred organizations that are doing worthy war work of one kind or another, besides the government itself, all of which are asking the Massachusetts school children to help. Every other state probably faces the same conditions.—Youth's Companion.

Yes, every school system is facing this condition. The children "have nothing to do after school"; and the teacher "has every Saturday to herself," and "the lessons own wait"—all seem valid reasons to the adult mind forgetting school days. A reasonable amount of such work is conducive to greater depth and breadth, and therefore education to the highest degree. But—the regular school work must not be neglected if we are to have builders for the reconstruction of the world after this holocaust.—S. S. T.

MEMPHIS BOY DECORATED BY KING FOR BRAVERY.

(By International News Service.) Memphis, Tenn., March 30.—Horace M. Emery, a Memphis boy, has been decorated by King George of England for distinguished war service. He was wounded in the battle of the Somme and was sent to a hospital in London, where he has just recovered. When restored to health young Emery was summoned to the King's palace. King George met him and shook hands with him in real American fashion, and said:

"I am glad to meet you as an American citizen who came to my country as a member of our Canadian troops." Then the king pinned the medal on Emery's coat.

FORKED TAIL LIZARD.

The Kentuckian office was presented yesterday with a forked tail lizard by Mr. Joe T. Fruit. This is a zoological specimen rarely seen in this country and is somewhat of a curiosity.

THE MARKET BASKET.

(Prices at Retail.)

Breakfast bacon, pound.....56c
Butter per pound.....50c
Eggs per dozen.....35c
Bacon, extra, pound.....38c
Country hams, large, pound.....37 1/2c
Lard, pure leaf, pound.....35c
Lard, 50 lb. tin.....\$14.50
Lard, compound, pound.....30c
Cabbage, per pound.....15c
Irish potatoes.....50 cents peck
Sweet potatoes.....60c per peck
Lemons, per dozen.....40c
Cheese, cream, per lb.....40c
Flour, 24-lb. sack.....\$1.75
Cornmeal, bushel.....\$2.00
Oranges, per per dozen 60c to 75c
Cooking apples, per peck.....60c
Onions, per pound.....15c
Avy beans, pound.....18c
Black-eyed peas, pound.....15c
Black-eyed peas, pound.....12 1/2c

HAM SACKS.

Supply now on hand at Kentuckian office at 2 to 4 cents each.

"Over the Top"

By An American Soldier Who Went

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

Machine Gunner Serving in France

(Copyright, 1918, by Arthur Guy Empey)

CHAPTER XXV.

Preparing for the Big Push.

Rejoining Atwell after the execution I had a hard time trying to keep my secret from him. I think I must have lost at least ten pounds worrying over the affair.

Beginning at seven in the evening it was our duty to patrol all communication and front-line trenches, making note of unusual occurrences, and arresting anyone who should, to us, appear to be acting in a suspicious manner. We slept during the day.

Behind the lines there was great activity, supplies and ammunition pouring in, and long columns of troops constantly passing. We were preparing for the big offensive, the forerunner of the battle of the Somme or "Big Push."

The never-ending stream of men, supplies, ammunition and guns pouring into the front lines made a mighty spectacle, one that cannot be described. It has to be witnessed with your own eyes to appreciate its vastness.

At our part of the line the influx of supplies never ended. It looked like a huge snake slowly crawling forward, never a hitch or break, a wonderful tribute to the system and efficiency of Great Britain's "contemptible little army" of five millions of men.

Huge fifteen-inch guns snaked along, foot by foot, by powerful steam tractors. Then a long line of "four point five" batteries, each gun drawn by six horses, then a couple of "nine point two" howitzers pulled by immense caterpillar engines.

When one of these caterpillars would pass me with its mighty monster in tow, a flash of pride would mount to my face, because I could plainly read on the name plate, "Made in U. S. A." and I would remember that if I wore a name plate it would also read, "From the U. S. A." Then I would stop to think how thin and straggly that mighty stream would be if all the "Made in U. S. A." parts of it were withdrawn.

Then would come hundreds of limbers and "G. S." wagons drawn by sleek, well-fed mules, ridden by sleek, well-fed men, ever smiling, although grimy with sweat and covered with the fine, white dust of the marvelously well-made French roads.

What a discouraging report the German airmen must have taken back to their division commanders, and this stream is slowly but surely getting bigger and bigger every day, and the pace is always the same. No slower, no faster, but ever onward, ever forward.

Three weeks before the big push of July 1—as the battle of the Somme has been called—started, exact duplicates of the German trenches were dug about thirty kilos behind our lines. The layout of the trenches was taken from airplane photographs submitted by the Royal flying corps. The trenches were correct to the foot; they showed dugouts, saps, barbed wire defenses and danger spots.

Battalions that were to go over in the first waves were sent back for three days to study these trenches, engage in practice attacks and have night maneuvers. Each man was required to make a map of the trenches and familiarize himself with the names and location of the parts his battalion was to attack.

In the American army noncommissioned officers are put through a course of map making or road sketching, and during my six years' service in the United States cavalry I had plenty of practice in this work, therefore mapping these trenches was a comparatively easy task for me. Each man had to submit his map to the company commander to be passed upon, and I was lucky enough to have mine selected as being sufficiently authentic to use in the attack.

No photographs or maps are allowed to leave France, but in this case it appeared to me as a valuable souvenir of the great war and I managed to smuggle it through. At this time it carries military importance as the British I am happy to say, have since advanced beyond this point, as

In having it in my possession I am not breaking any regulation or cautions of the British army.

The whole attack was rehearsed and rehearsed until we heartily cursed the one who had conceived the idea. The trenches were named according to a system which made it very simple for Tommy to find, even in the dark, any point in the German lines.

These imitation trenches, or trench models, were well guarded from observation by numerous allied planes which constantly circled above them. No German airplane could approach within observation distance. A restricted area was maintained and no civilian was allowed within three miles, so we felt sure that we had a great surprise in store for Fritz.

When we took over the front line we received an awful shock. The Germans displayed signboards over the top of their trench showing the names that we had called their trenches. The signs read "Fair," "Fact," "Fate," and "Fancy," and so



Over the Top in a Charge.

on, according to the code names on our map. Then to rub it in, they hoisted some more signs which read, "Come on, we are ready, stupid English."

It is still a mystery to me how they obtained this knowledge. There had been no raids or prisoners taken, so it must have been the work of spies in our own lines.

Three or four days before the big push we tried to shatter Fritz's nerves by feint attacks, and partially succeeded as the official reports of July 1 show.

Although we were constantly bombarding their lines day and night, still we fooled the Germans several times. This was accomplished by throwing an intense barrage into his lines—then using smoke shells we would put a curtain of white smoke across No Man's Land, completely obstructing his view of our trenches, and would raise our curtain of fire as if in an actual attack. All down our trenches the men would shout and cheer, and Fritz would turn loose with machine-gun, rifle, and shrapnel fire, thinking we were coming over.

After three or four of these dummy attacks his nerves must have been near the breaking point.

On June 24, 1916, at 9:40 in the morning our guns opened up, and hell was let loose. The din was terrific, a constant boom-boom-boom in your ear.

At night the sky was a red glare. Our bombardment had lasted about two hours when Fritz started replying. Although we were sending over ten shells to his line, our casualties were heavy. There was a constant stream of stretchers coming out of the communication trenches and burial parties were a common sight.

In the dugouts the noise of the guns almost hurt. You had the same sensation as when riding on the subway to Brooklyn—a sort of pressure on the ear drums, and the ground constantly trembling.

The roads behind the trenches were very dangerous because Boche shrapnel was constantly bursting over them. We avoided these dangerous spots by crossing through open fields.

The destruction in the German lines was awful and I really felt sorry for them because I realized how they must be creaking it.

From our front-line trench, every now and again, we could hear sharp whistle blasts in the German trenches. These blasts were the signals for stretcher bearers, and meant the wounding or killing of some German in the service of his fatherland.

Atwell and I had a tough time of it, patrolling the different trenches at night, but after awhile got used to it.

My old outfit, the machine gun company, was stationed in huge elephant dugouts about four hundred yards behind the front-line trench—they were in reserve. Occasionally I would stop in their dugout and have a confab with my former mates. Although we tried to be jolly, still, there was a lurking feeling of impending disaster. Each man was wondering, if, after the slogan, "Over the top with the best of luck," had been sounded, would he still be alive or would he be lying "some-where in France." In an old dilapidated house, the walls of which were scarred with machine-gun bullets, No. 3 section of the machine gun company had its quarters. The company's cooks prepared the meals in this billet. On the fifth evening of the bombardment a German eight-inch shell registered a direct hit on the billet and wiped out ten men who were asleep in the supposedly bomb-proof cellar. They were buried the next day and I attended the funeral.

CHAPTER XXVI.

All Quiet (?) on the Western Front.

At brigade headquarters I happened to overhear a conversation between our G. O. C. (general officer commanding) and the divisional commander. From this conversation I learned that we were to bombard the German lines for eight days, and on the first of July the "big push" was to commence.

In a few days orders were issued to that effect, and it was common property all along the line.

On the afternoon of the eighth day of our "strafing," Atwell and I were sitting in the front-line trench smoking fags and making out our reports of the previous night's tour of the trenches, which we had to turn in to headquarters the following day, when an order was passed down the trench that Old Pepper requested twenty volunteers to go over on a trench raid that night to try and get a few German prisoners for information purposes. I immediately volunteered for this job, and shook

permauder is demonstrated, and Tom my looks for another prisoner.

The knuckle knife is a dagger affair, the blade of which is about eight inches long with a heavy steel guard over the grip. This guard is studded with steel projections. At night in a trench, which is only about three to four feet wide, it makes a very handy weapon. One punch in the face generally shatters a man's jaw and you can get him with the knife as he goes down.

(Continued.)

LUNCHEON APRIL 1.

The Eastern Star Chapter will serve luncheon in the Kentucky Public Service Co. room Monday, April 1. The luncheon will consist of country ham, sandwiches, coffee and pie. For the benefit of the Chapter.

Preferred Locals

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Four room cottage—Call Miss Croft, 273.

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FOR SALE—A number of farms, both small and large, at bargain prices if sold before corn planting. Also some choice homes in town.

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FOR SALE—Good iron bed and springs, parlor table, and gas heater. Phone 832.

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FARMS WANTED—That farm of yours we can sell it, we have cash buyers or trade waiting, very likely for just such a place as yours. THE HOME INVESTMENT AG'Y Chas. F. Shelton, Manager.

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To Hopkinsville Ice Consumers

On account of the extraordinary advance in the cost of material used in the manufacture of ice and the delivery of same, namely: Labor, machinery, repairs, coal, calcium chloride, ammonia, hay, corn, and other feed stuffs we are forced to advance the price of ice and have established the following prices to go into effect April 1st and to continue until further notice:

500 lbs. one delivery.....30 cents per 100
100 lbs.....45c
50 lbs.....25c
25 lbs.....16c
12 1/2 lbs.....8c

In the past we have been selling 10 lbs of ice for 5 cents. We will discontinue the five cent pieces and will sell 12 1/2 lbs for 8 cents.

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H. L. McPHERSON, Assist. Cashier

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